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TRANSFORMERS
THE MOVIE
THE SHARKTICONS STRIKE!
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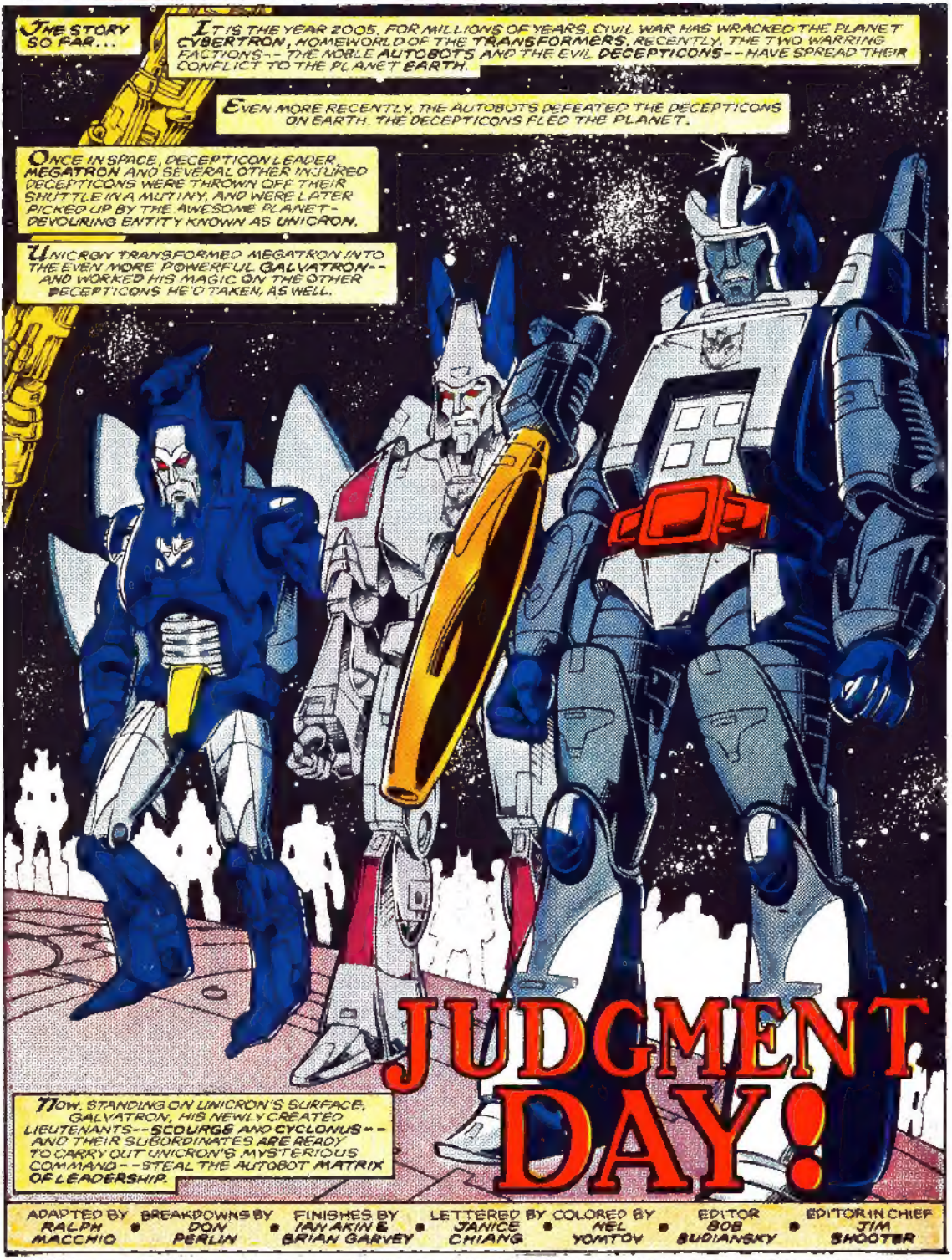
TRANSFORMERS™ THE MOVIE


THE STORY SO FAR...
IT IS THE YEAR 2005. FOR MILLIONS OF YEARS, CIVIL WAR HAS WRACKED THE PLANET CYBERTRON, HOMEWORLD OF THE TRANSFORMERS. RECENTLY, THE TWO WARRING FACTIONS -- THE NOBLE AUTOBOTS AND THE EVIL DECEPTICONS -- HAVE SPREAD THEIR CONFLICT TO THE PLANET EARTH.
EVEN MORE RECENTLY, THE AUTOBOTS DEFEATED THE DECEPTICONS ON EARTH. THE DECEPTICONS FLED THE PLANET.
ONCE IN SPACE, DECEPTICON LEADER MEGATRON AND SEVERAL OTHER INJURED DECEPTICONS WERE THROWN OFF THEIR SHUTTLE IN A MUTINY, AND WERE LATER PICKED UP BY THE AWESOME PLANET-DEVOURING ENTITY KNOWN AS UNICRON.
UNICRON TRANSFORMED MEGATRON INTO THE EVEN MORE POWERFUL GALVATRON -- AND WORKED HIS MAGIC ON THE OTHER DECEPTICONS HE'D TAKEN, AS WELL.
JUDGMENT DAY!
NOW, STANDING ON UNICRON'S SURFACE, GALVATRON, HIS NEWLY CREATED LIEUTENANTS -- SCOURGE AND CYCLONUS -- AND THEIR SUBORDINATES ARE READY TO CARRY OUT UNICRON'S MYSTERIOUS COMMAND -- STEAL THE AUTOBOT MATRIX OF LEADERSHIP.

ADAPTED BY RALPH MACCHIO • BREAKDOWNS BY DON PERLIN • FINISHES BY IAN AKIN & BRIAN GARVEY • LETTERED BY JANICE CHIANG • COLORED BY NEL YOMTOV • EDITOR BOB BUDIANSKY • EDITOR IN CHIEF JIM SHOOTER

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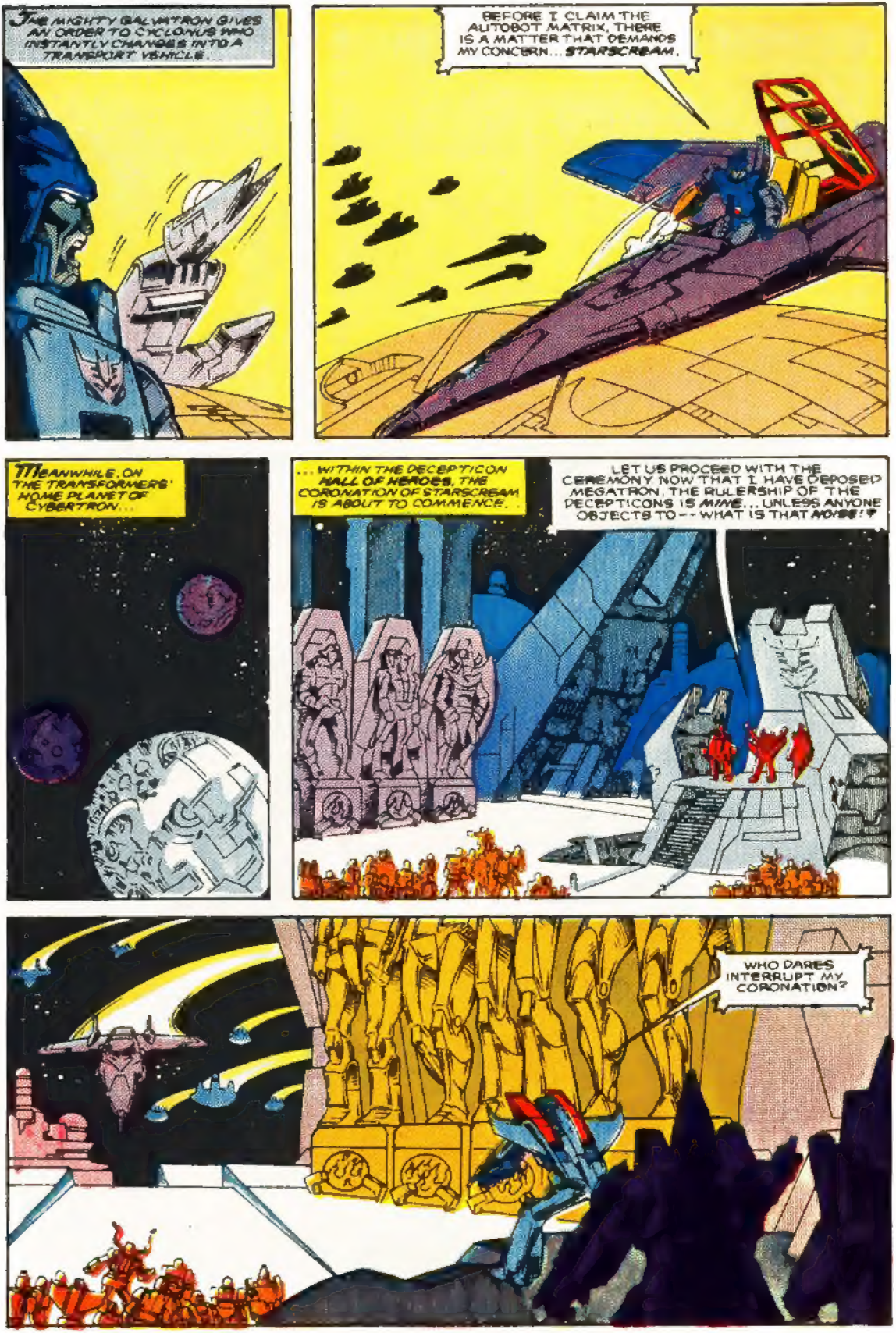
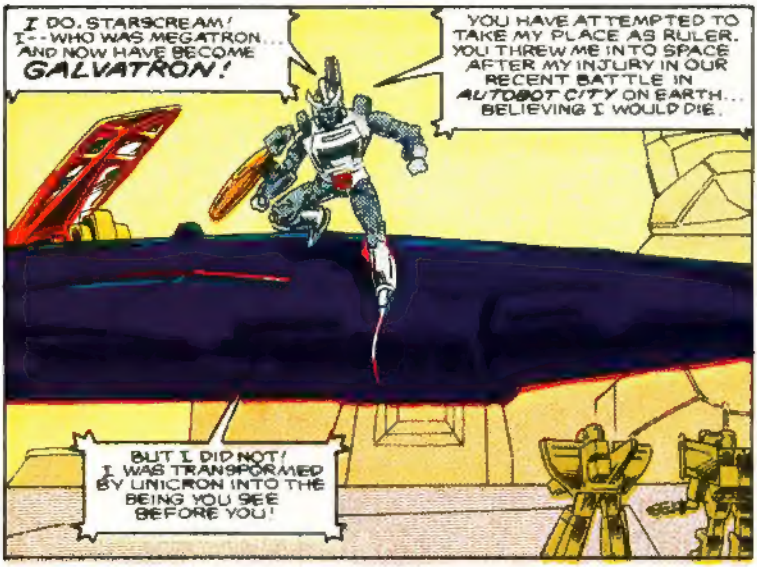
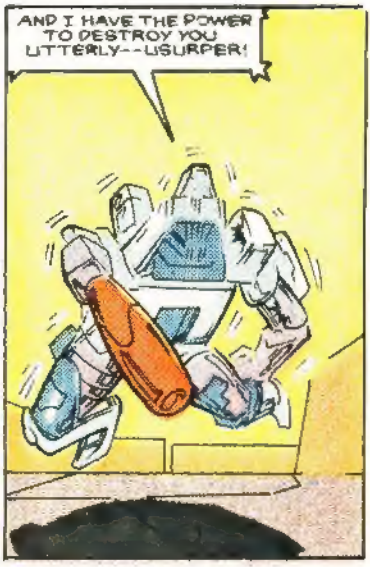
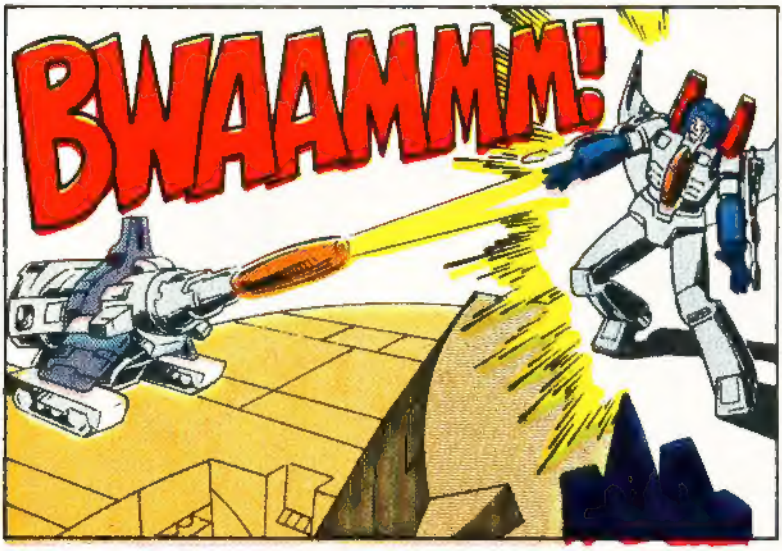
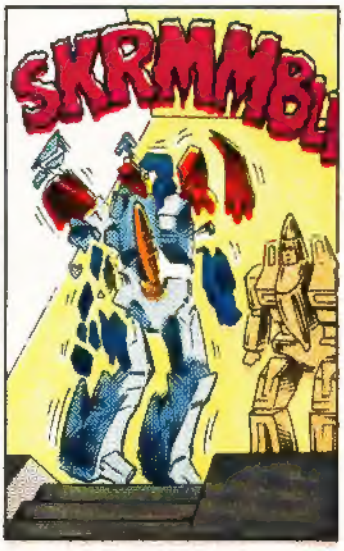
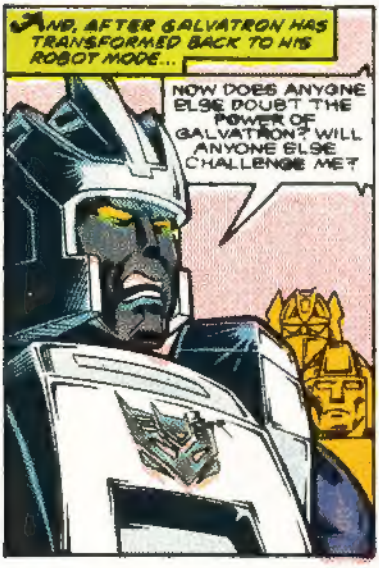

The mighty Galvatron gives an order to Cyclonus who instantly changes into a transport vehicle.
Before I claim the Autobot matrix, there is a matter that demands my concern... Starscream.
Meanwhile, on the Transformers' home planet of Cybertron...
...within the Decepticon Hall of Heroes, the coronation of Starscream is about to commence.
Let us proceed with the ceremony now that I have deposed Megatron. The rulership of the Decepticons is mine... unless anyone objects to -- what is that noise!?
Who dares interrupt my coronation?

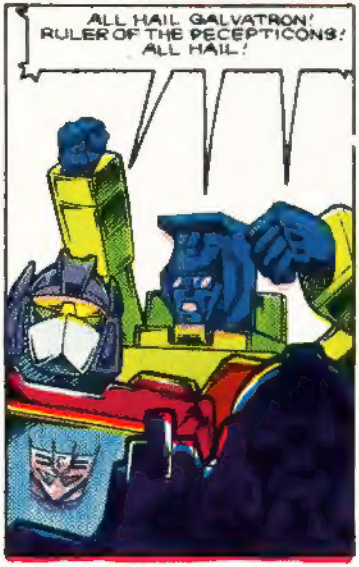

I DO, STARSCREAM! I--WHO WAS MEGATRON... AND NOW HAVE BECOME GALVATRON!
YOU HAVE ATTEMPTED TO TAKE MY PLACE AS RULER. YOU THREW ME INTO SPACE AFTER MY INJURY IN OUR RECENT BATTLE IN AUTOBOT CITY ON EARTH... BELIEVING I WOULD DIE.
BUT I DID NOT! I WAS TRANSFORMED BY UNICRON INTO THE BEING YOU SEE BEFORE YOU!

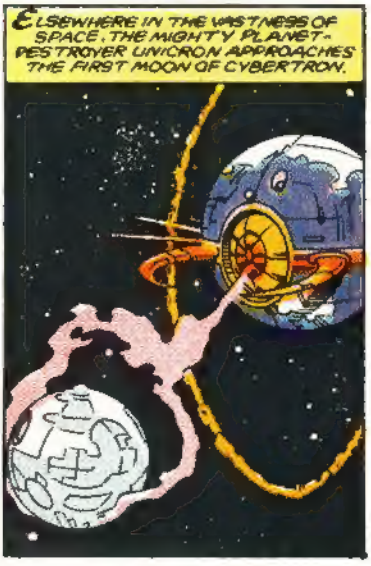

AND I HAVE THE POWER TO DESTROY YOU UTTERLY--USURPER!

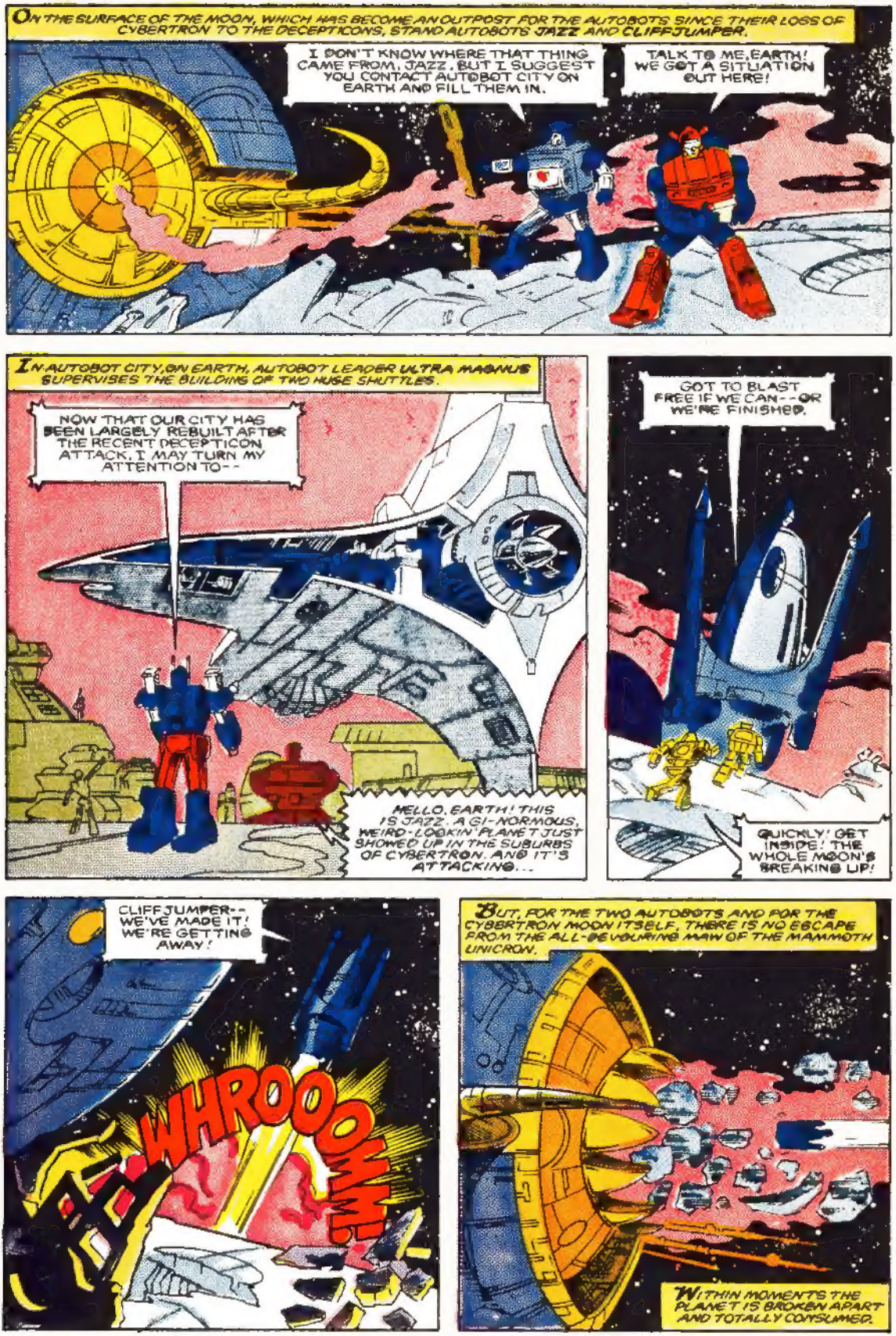

BWAAMMM!

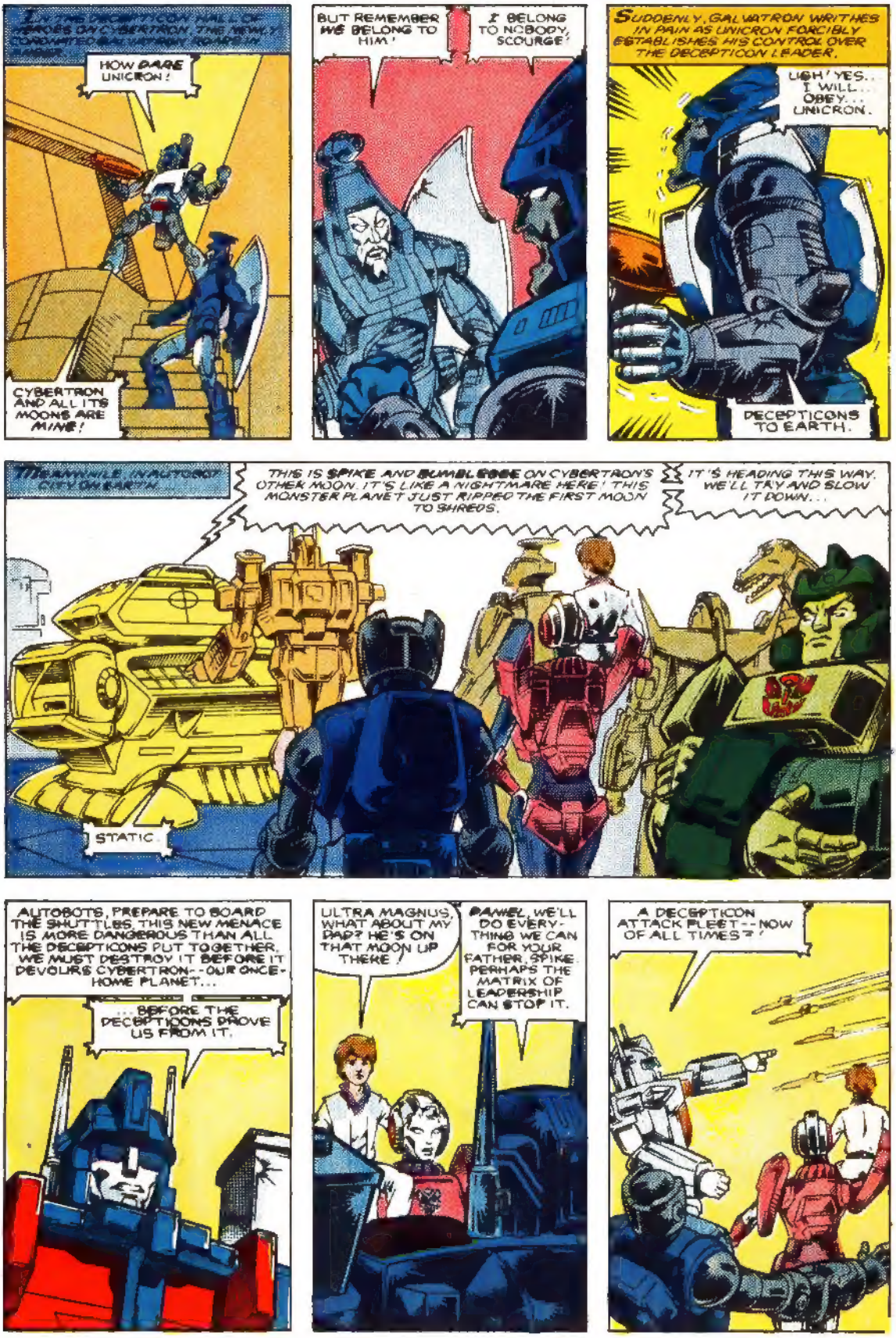

SKRMMBL

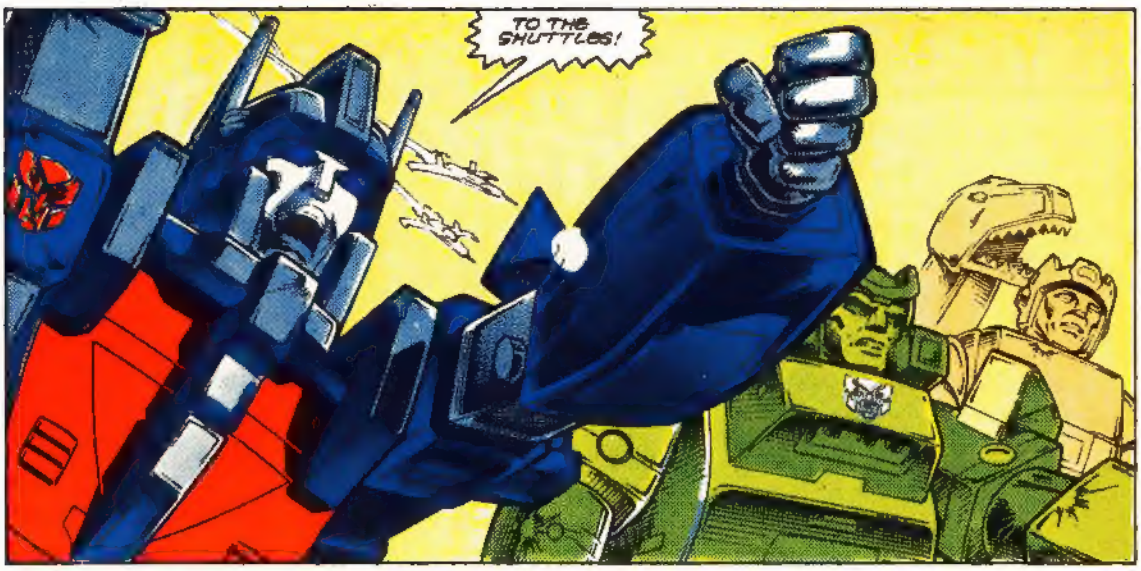

AND, AFTER GALVATRON HAS TRANSFORMED BACK TO HIS ROBOT MODE...
NOW DOES ANYONE ELSE DOUBT THE POWER OF GALVATRON? WILL ANYONE ELSE CHALLENGE ME?

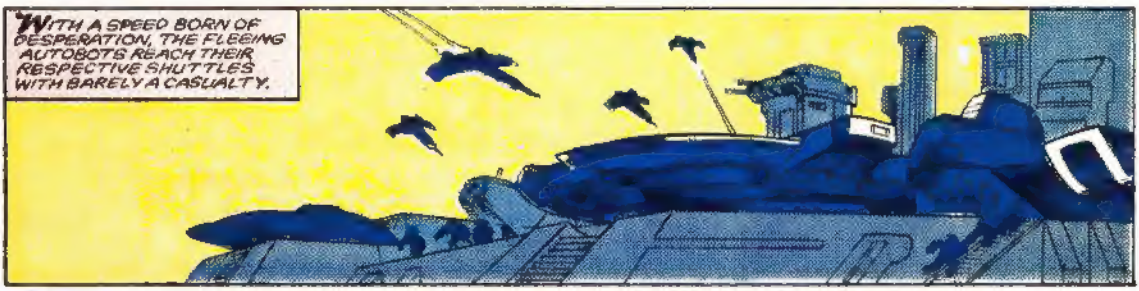

ALL HAIL GALVATRON! RULER OF THE DECEPTICONS! ALL HAIL!

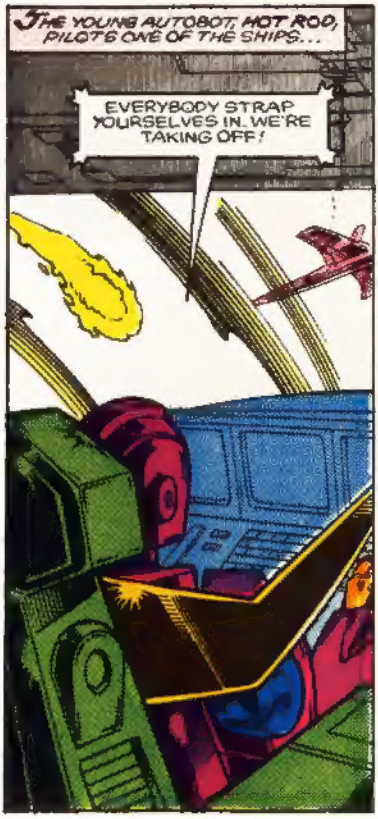

ELSEWHERE IN THE VASTNESS OF SPACE, THE MIGHTY PLANET-DESTROYER UNICRON APPROACHES THE FIRST MOON OF CYBERTRON.


ON THE SURFACE OF THE MOON, WHICH HAS BECOME AN OUTPOST FOR THE AUTOBOTS SINCE THEIR LOSS OF CYBERTRON TO THE DECEPTICONS, STAND AUTOBOTS JAZZ AND CLIFFJUMPER.
I DON'T KNOW WHERE THAT THING CAME FROM, JAZZ, BUT I SUGGEST YOU CONTACT AUTOBOT CITY ON EARTH AND FILL THEM IN.
TALK TO ME, EARTH! WE GOT A SITUATION OUT HERE!
IN AUTOBOT CITY, ON EARTH, AUTOBOT LEADER ULTRA MAGNUS SUPERVISES THE BUILDING OF TWO HUGE SHUTTLES.
NOW THAT OUR CITY HAS BEEN LARGELY REBUILT AFTER THE RECENT DECEPTICON ATTACK, I MAY TURN MY ATTENTION TO--
HELLO, EARTH! THIS IS JAZZ. A GI-NORMOUS, WEIRD-LOOKIN' PLANET JUST SHOWED UP IN THE SUBURBS OF CYBERTRON, AND IT'S ATTACKING...
GOT TO BLAST FREE IF WE CAN--OR WE'RE FINISHED.
QUICKLY! GET INSIDE! THE WHOLE MOON'S BREAKING UP!
CLIFFJUMPER-- WE'VE MADE IT! WE'RE GETTING AWAY!
WHROOOM!
BUT, FOR THE TWO AUTOBOTS AND FOR THE CYBERTRON MOON ITSELF, THERE IS NO ESCAPE FROM THE ALL-DEVOURING MAW OF THE MAMMOTH UNICRON.
WITHIN MOMENTS THE PLANET IS BROKEN APART AND TOTALLY CONSUMED.

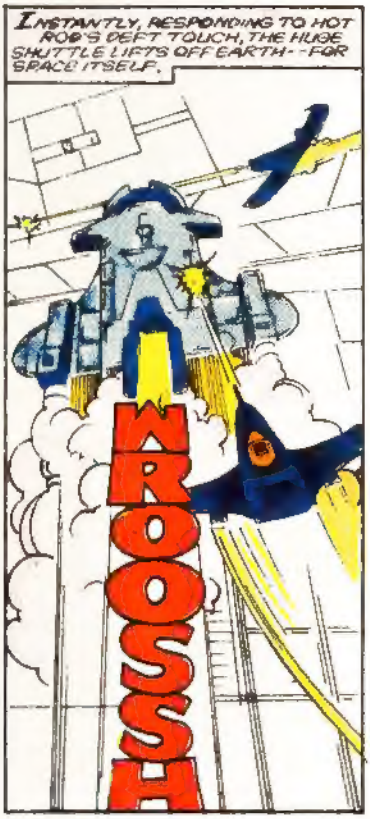

HOW DARE UNICRON!
CYBERTRON AND ALL ITS MOONS ARE MINE!
BUT REMEMBER WE BELONG TO HIM!
I BELONG TO NOBODY, SCOURGE!
SUDDENLY, GALVATRON WRITHES IN PAIN AS UNICRON FORCIBLY ESTABLISHES HIS CONTROL OVER THE DECEPTICON LEADER.
UGH! YES.. I WILL... OBEY... UNICRON.
DECEPTICONS TO EARTH.
MEANWHILE, IN AUTOBOT CITY ON EARTH...
THIS IS SPIKE AND BUMBLEBEE ON CYBERTRON'S OTHER MOON. IT'S LIKE A NIGHTMARE HERE! THIS MONSTER PLANET JUST RIPPED THE FIRST MOON TO SHREDS.
IT'S HEADING THIS WAY. WE'LL TRY AND SLOW IT DOWN...
STATIC
AUTOBOTS, PREPARE TO BOARD THE SHUTTLES. THIS NEW MENACE IS MORE DANGEROUS THAN ALL THE DECEPTICONS PUT TOGETHER. WE MUST DESTROY IT BEFORE IT DEVOURS CYBERTRON--OUR ONCE-HOME PLANET...
...BEFORE THE DECEPTICONS PROVE US FROM IT.
ULTRA MAGNUS, WHAT ABOUT MY DAD? HE'S ON THAT MOON UP THERE!
DANIEL, WE'LL DO EVERY-THING WE CAN FOR YOUR FATHER, SPIKE. PERHAPS THE MATRIX OF LEADERSHIP CAN STOP IT.
A DECEPTICON ATTACK FLEET--NOW OF ALL TIMES?!

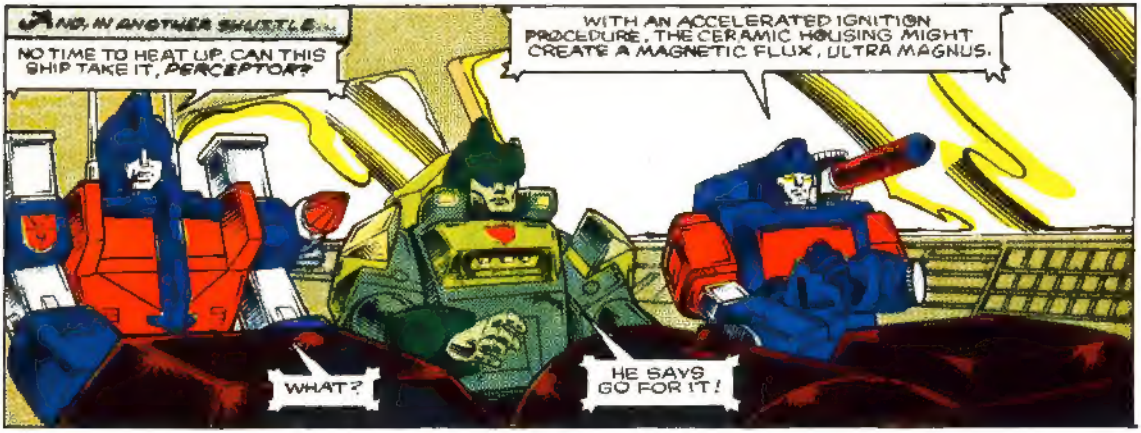

TO THE SHUTTLES!

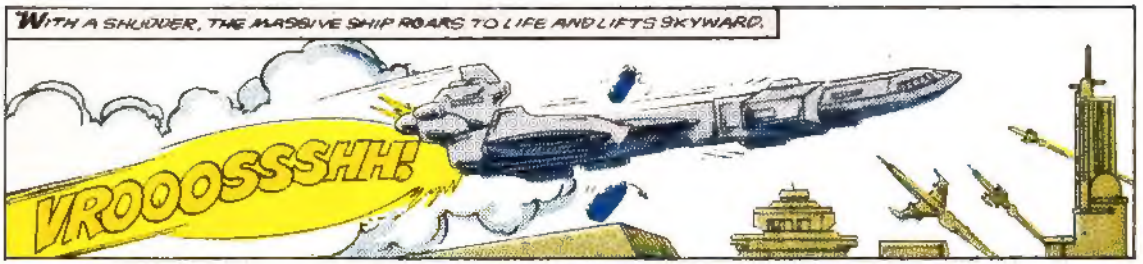

WITH A SPEED BORN OF DESPERATION, THE FLEEING AUTOBOTS REACH THEIR RESPECTIVE SHUTTLES WITH BARELY A CASUALTY.

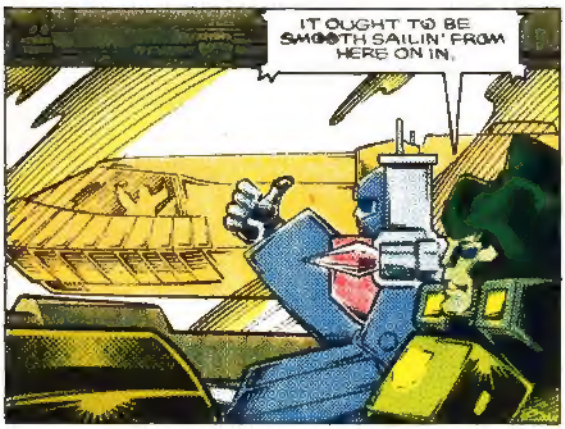

THE YOUNG AUTOBOT, HOT ROD, PILOTS ONE OF THE SHIPS...
EVERYBODY STRAP YOURSELVES IN. WE'RE TAKING OFF!

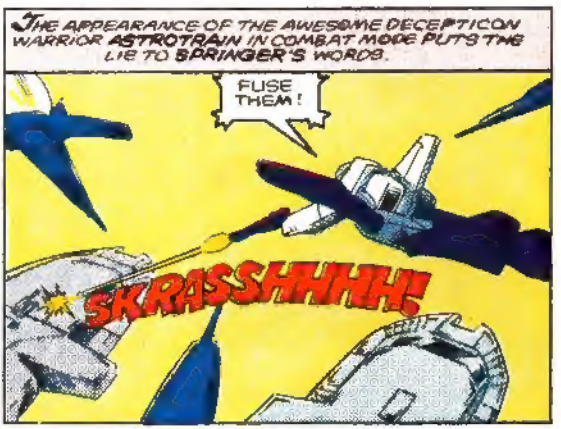
NO TIME TO CHECK THE CONTROLS, KUP! WE'RE OFF-- NOW!


INSTANTLY, RESPONDING TO HOT ROD'S DEFT TOUCH, THE HUGE SHUTTLE LIFTS OFF EARTH--FOR SPACE ITSELF.
WROOSSH


AND, IN ANOTHER SHUTTLE...
NO TIME TO HEAT UP. CAN THIS SHIP TAKE IT, PERCEPTOR?
WITH AN ACCELERATED IGNITION PROCEDURE, THE CERAMIC HOUSING MIGHT CREATE A MAGNETIC FLUX, ULTRA MAGNUS.
WHAT?
HE SAYS GO FOR IT!


WITH A SHUDDER, THE MASSIVE SHIP ROARS TO LIFE AND LIFTS SKYWARD.
VROOOSSSHH!


IT OUGHT TO BE SMOOTH SAILIN' FROM HERE ON IN.

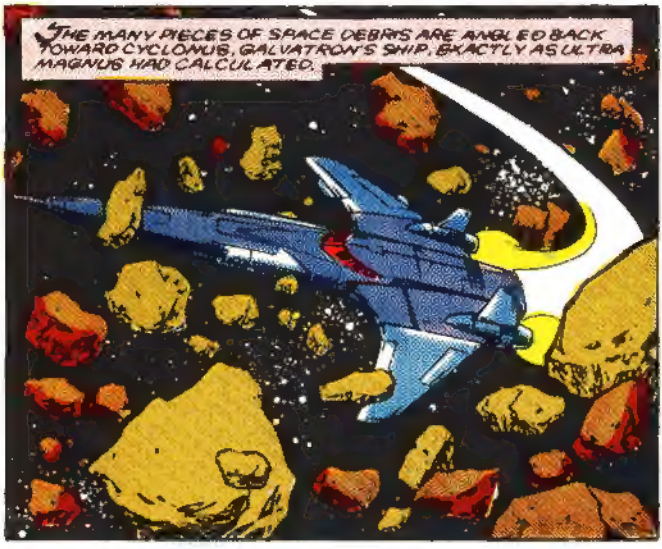

THE APPEARANCE OF THE AWESOME DECEPTICON WARRIOR ASTROTRAIN IN COMBAT MODE PUTS THE LIE TO SPRINGER'S WORDS.
FUSE THEM!
SKRASSHHHH!

SPRINGER! REMEMBER WHAT WE DID OFF BETA FOUR?
I REMEMBER IT WELL.

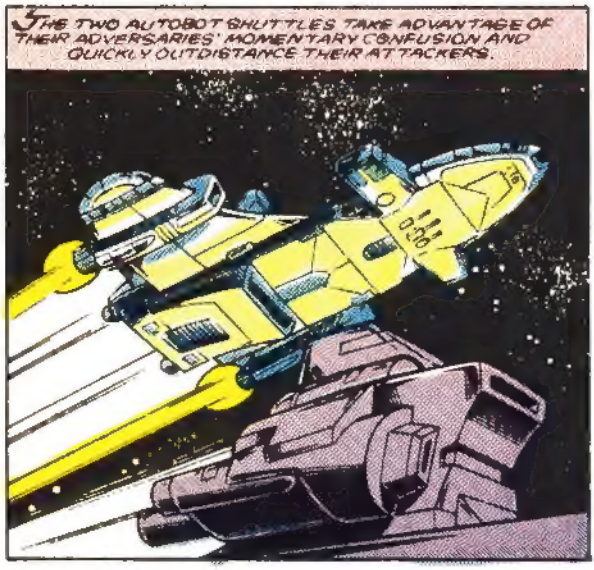
SKROOOMM

THE ASTEROID HALVES SHOOT THROUGH SPACE FROM THE FORCE OF THE RAY BLAST... STRIKING ANOTHER ASTEROID IN THEIR PATH...
WHRAKK!

AND EACH FRAGMENT IN TURN STRIKES ANOTHER ASTERIOD... AND ANOTHER... AND ANOTHER.

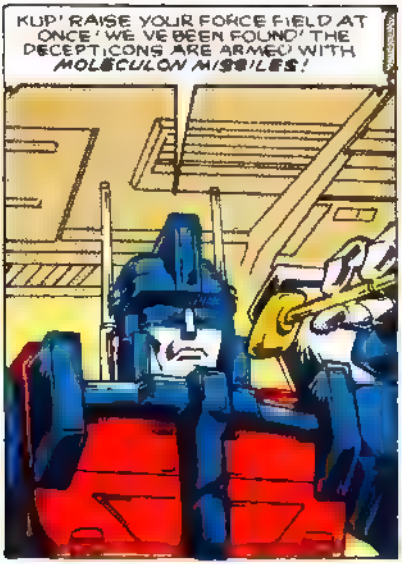

THE MANY PIECES OF SPACE DEBRIS ARE ANGLED BACK TOWARD CYCLONUS, GALVATRON'S SHIP, EXACTLY AS ULTRA MAGNUS HAD CALCULATED.

INSIDE THE GREAT SHIP CYCLONUS...
THE EXPLOSIONS JAMMED MY SENSORS. I HAVE LOST TRACK OF THE AUTOBOTS.
BLAST IT! THEY DID THE SAME THING TO ME OFF BETA FOUR.


THE TWO AUTOBOT SHUTTLES TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THEIR ADVERSARIES' MOMENTARY CONFUSION AND QUICKLY OUTDISTANCE THEIR ATTACKERS.

CONGRATULATIONS, AUTOBOTS. WE'VE LOST THEM. REST WHILE YOU CAN. WE'LL HAVE OUR WORK CUT OUT FOR US WHEN WE REACH MOON BASE TWO.

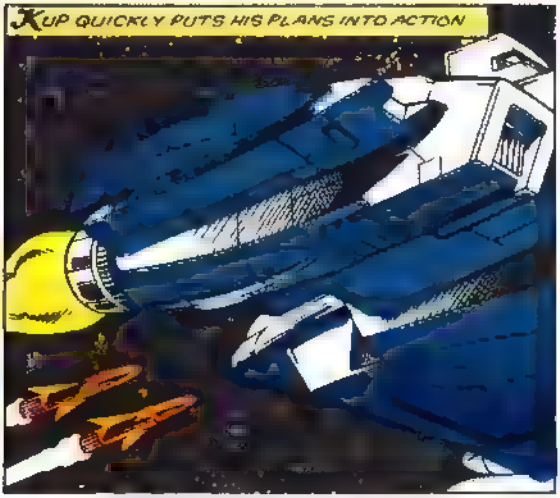
ABOARD ONE OF THE SHUTTLES, HOT ROD WORKS OUT WITH AN AUTO-COMBATANT.
I MAY AS WELL GET SOME COMBAT PRACTICE IN WHILE WE'RE WAITING FOR THOSE DECEPTICON CRUMBS TO CATCH UP WITH US.
WHOOPS!
BUNG
PLLLPPP
WHY YOU-- WHA?!
THE SHIP-- IT'S SHAKING!
SSSPASSKK!


KUP! RAISE YOUR FORCE FIELD AT ONCE! WE'VE BEEN FOUND! THE DECEPTICONS ARE ARMED WITH MOLECULON MISSILES!

KUP INSTANTLY TAKES EVASIVE MANEUVERS WITH HIS SHUTTLE AS IT IS TRAILED BY DEVASTATING MOLECULON MISSILES
VRROOOMMMM!

GOT ANY IDEAS?
I'M TRYING TO REMEMBER HOW WE BEAT THE SHRIKEBATS OF DROMEDAN. OH YEAH... WE INVERSED POLARITIES

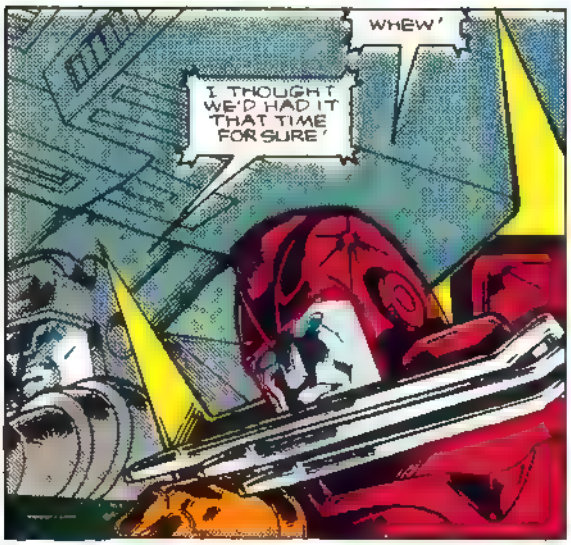
THAT'LL TEAR THE SHIP APART!
YOU GOT A BETTER IDEA?


KUP QUICKLY PUTS HIS PLANS INTO ACTION

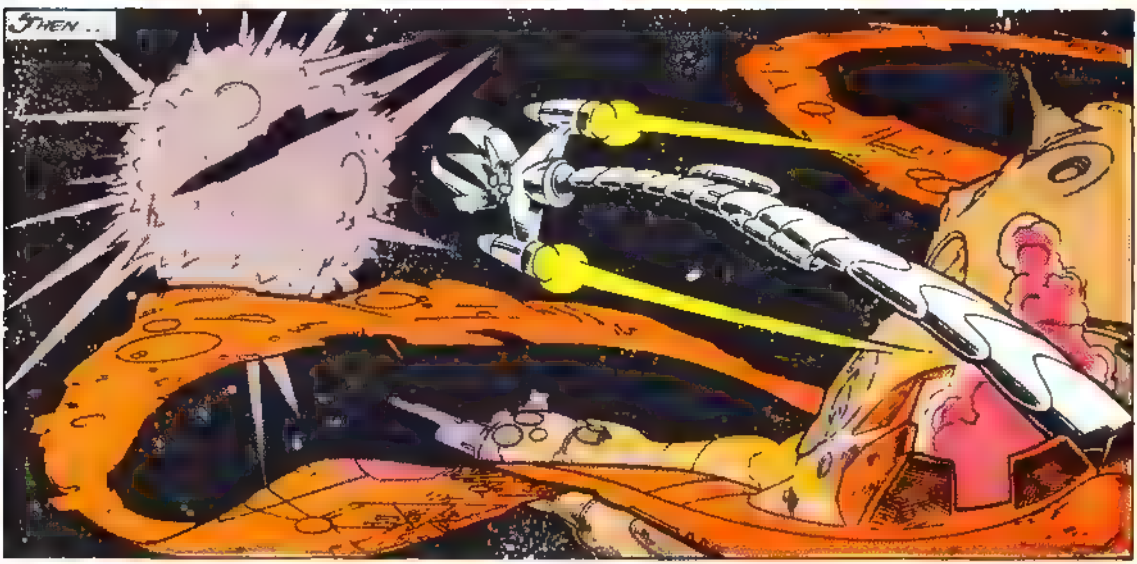
INSTANTLY, THE SHUTTLE COMES TO A DEAD STOP.

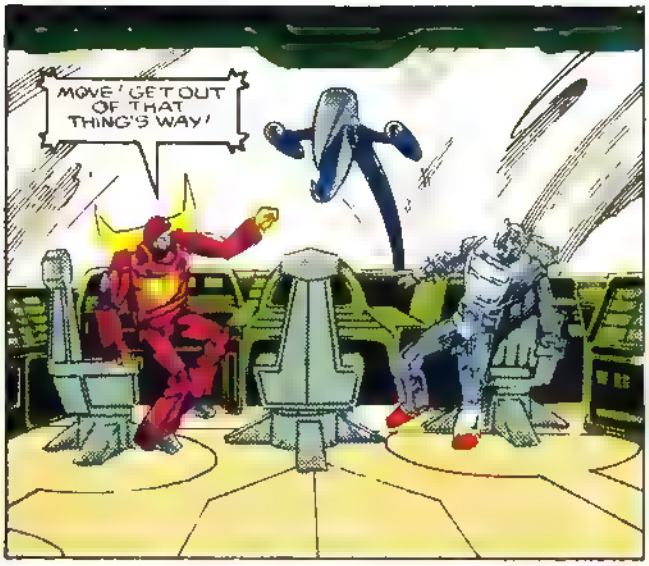
THEY RE COMING BACK!
LET'S JUST HOPE WE'VE SCREWED UP THEIR POLARITIES
SVRROOOMMMM
SHROOOMMMM

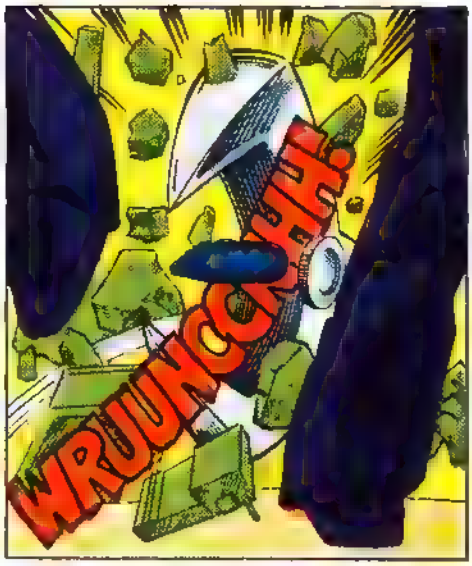
SWRAMMMM

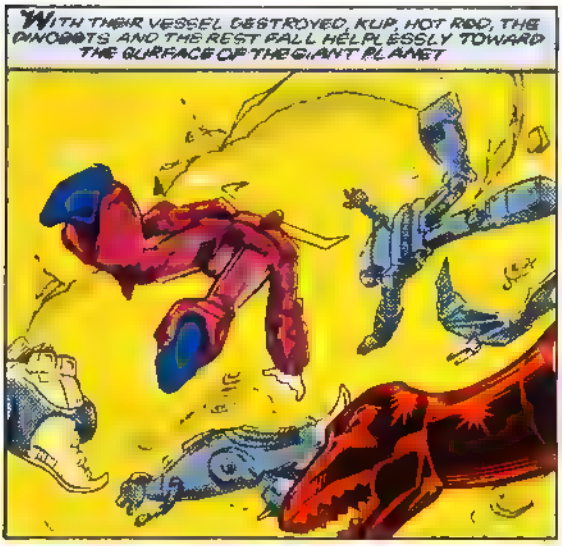

WHEW!
I THOUGHT WE'D HAD IT THAT TIME FOR SURE!

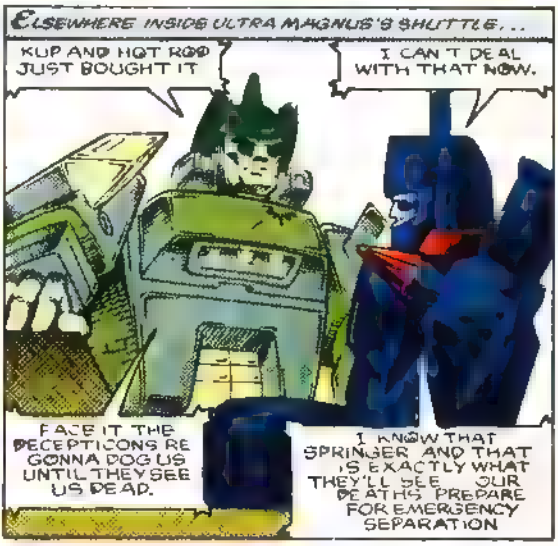
AS THE SHUTTLE DRIFTS NEAR THE HUGE PLANET IT PREVIOUSLY FLASHED PAST, THE CREW SIGHS IN RELIEF

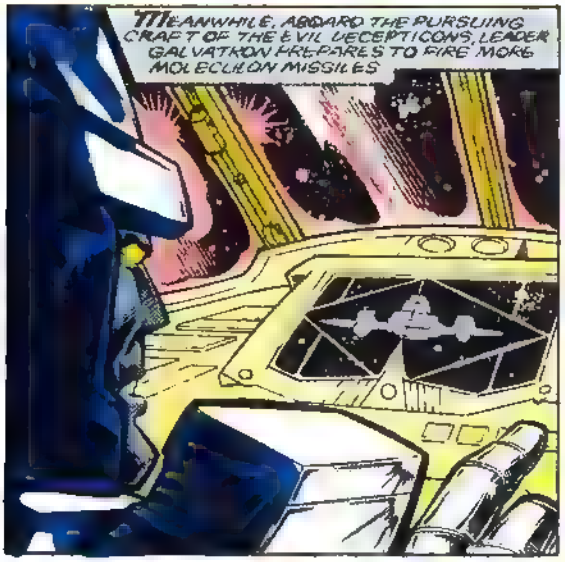

THEN..

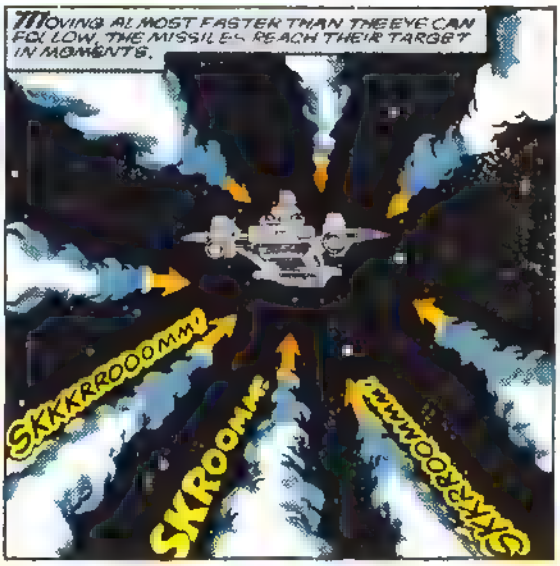

MOVE! GET OUT OF THAT THING'S WAY!


WRUUNCHH!

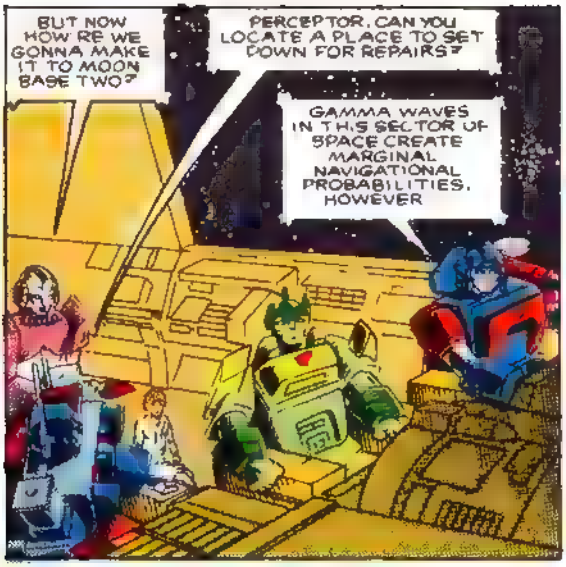

WITH THEIR VESSEL DESTROYED, KUP, HOT ROD, THE DINOBOTS AND THE REST FALL HELPLESSLY TOWARD THE SURFACE OF THE GIANT PLANET


ELSEWHERE INSIDE ULTRA MAGNUS'S SHUTTLE...
KUP AND HOT ROD JUST BOUGHT IT
I CAN'T DEAL WITH THAT NOW.
FACE IT THE DECEPTICONS RE GONNA DOG US UNTIL THEY SEE US DEAD.
I KNOW THAT SPRINGER AND THAT IS EXACTLY WHAT THEY'LL SEE OUR DEATHS PREPARE FOR EMERGENCY SEPARATION


MEANWHILE, ABOARD THE PURSUING CRAFT OF THE EVIL DECEPTICONS, LEADER GALVATRON PREPARES TO FIRE MORE MOLECULON MISSILES

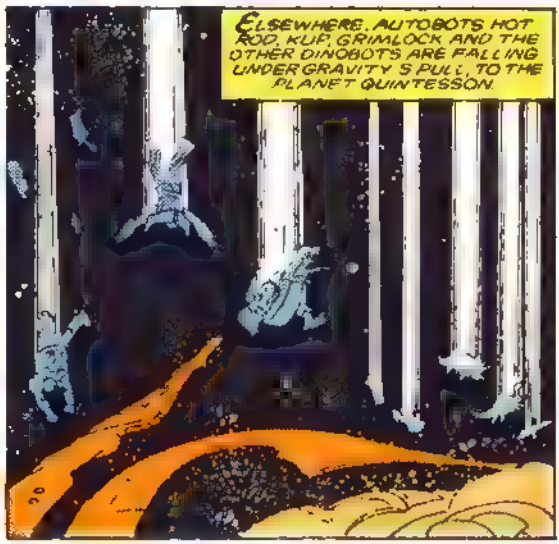

MOVING ALMOST FASTER THAN THE EYE CAN FOLLOW, THE MISSILES REACH THEIR TARGET IN MOMENTS.
SKKKRROOMM!
SKROOMM
SKKRROOMM!

KAARROOOMMM!
EXCELLENT. THE AUTOBOTS HAVE BEEN TERMINATED AND THE MATRIX WITH THEM
SUDDENLY, GALVATRON STIFFENS. THEN, HIS POWERFUL FRAME BEGINS TO QUAKE AS ONCE AGAIN, UNICRON EXERTS DIRECT CONTROL OVER HIM.
AHHHH' YES' TAKE ME TO UNICRON-- NOW, CYCLONUS' NOW!
OBEYING HIS MASTER'S COMMAND, CYCLONUS CHANGES COURSE FOR THE PLANET-KILLER UNICRON
AS CYCLONUS DEPARTS, A SMALL SHUTTLE FLIES FROM WITHIN THE DUST CLOUD THAT SEEMINGLY CONTAINED ONLY FRAGMENTS OF ULTRA MAGNUS'S SHIP.
DID WE HAVE TO DETONATE THREE-QUARTERS OF OUR SHIP?
THE DECEPTICONS WOULD HAVE DETONATED FOUR-QUARTERS OF THIS SHIP AND WE MIGHT HAVE PERISHED BUT OUR RUSE WORKED - AND WE'RE STILL ALIVE
THE STRAIN OF THE RECENT EXPLOSIVE SEPARATION SEEMS TOO MUCH FOR THE SMALL CRAFT AND IT BEGINS TO LOSE POWER

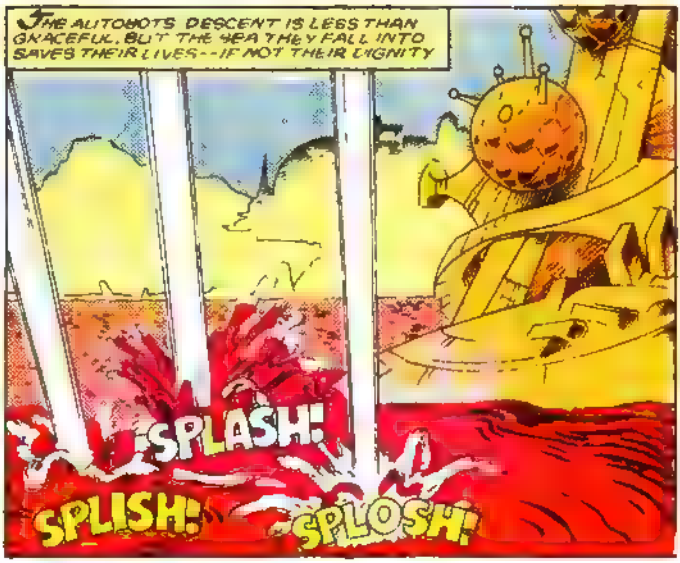

BUT NOW HOW RE WE GONNA MAKE IT TO MOON BASE TWO?
PERCEPTOR, CAN YOU LOCATE A PLACE TO SET DOWN FOR REPAIRS?
GAMMA WAVES IN THIS SECTOR OF SPACE CREATE MARGINAL NAVIGATIONAL PROBABILITIES. HOWEVER

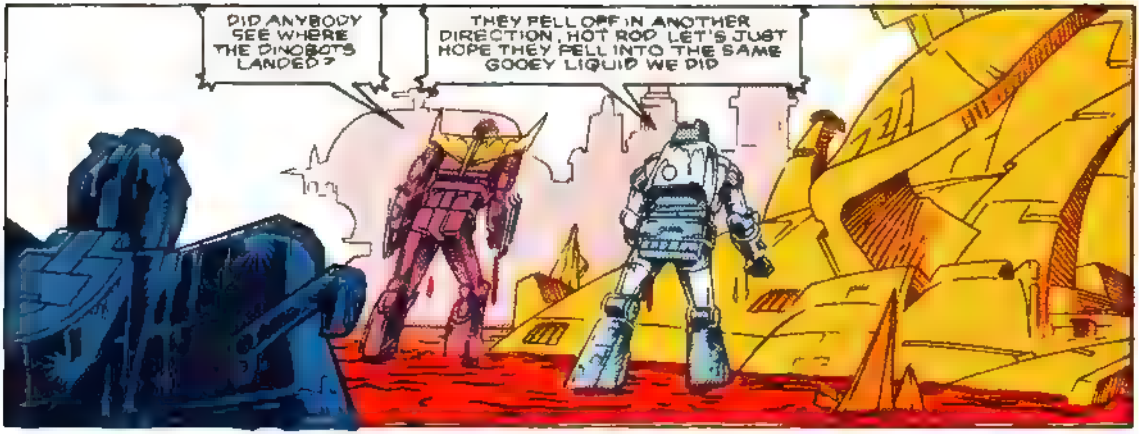
WHY DID I ASK? WHY? WHY?
IN LANGUAGE WE CAN UNDERSTAND, PERCEPTOR
AHEM . YES I THINK I CAN

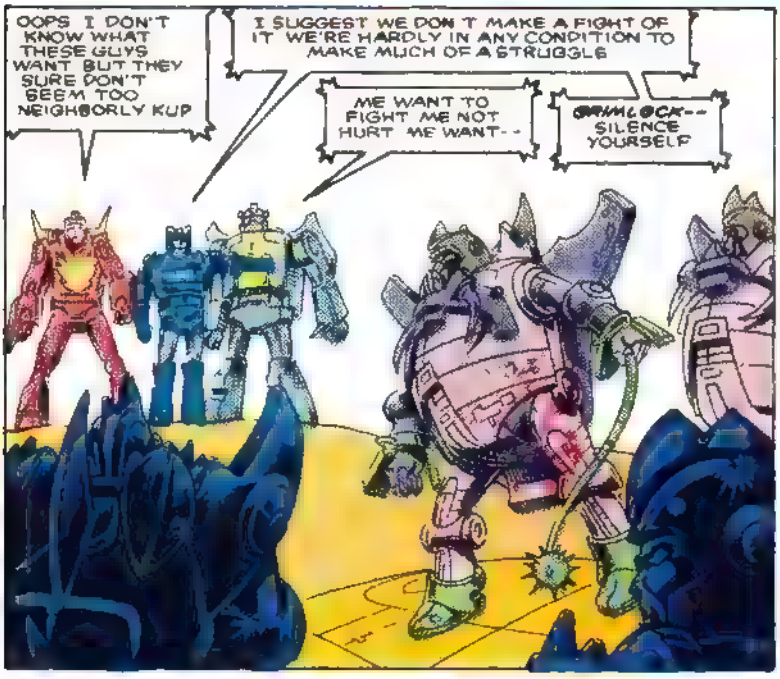
THE SCHOLARLY PERCEPTOR GIVES COORDINATES TO A PLANET NEARBY AND THE SMALL SHUTTLE LIMPS TOWARD IT


ELSEWHERE, AUTOBOTS HOT ROD, KUP, GRIMLOCK AND THE OTHER DINOBOTS ARE FALLING UNDER GRAVITY'S PULL, TO THE PLANET QUINTESSON.

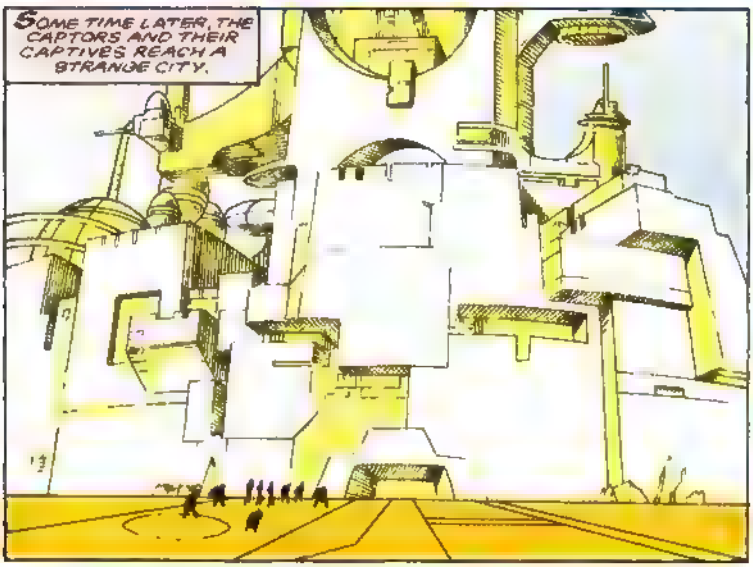
GRIMLOCK TRANSFORMS TO ROBOT MODE AS HE PLUMMETS

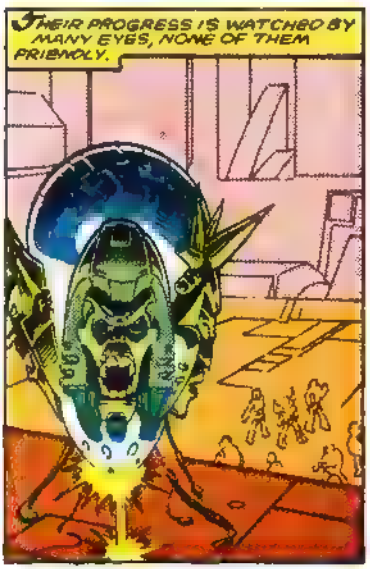

THE AUTOBOTS' DESCENT IS LESS THAN GRACEFUL, BUT THE WAY THEY FALL INTO SAVES THEIR LIVES--IF NOT THEIR DIGNITY
SPLASH!
SPLISH!
SPLOSH!

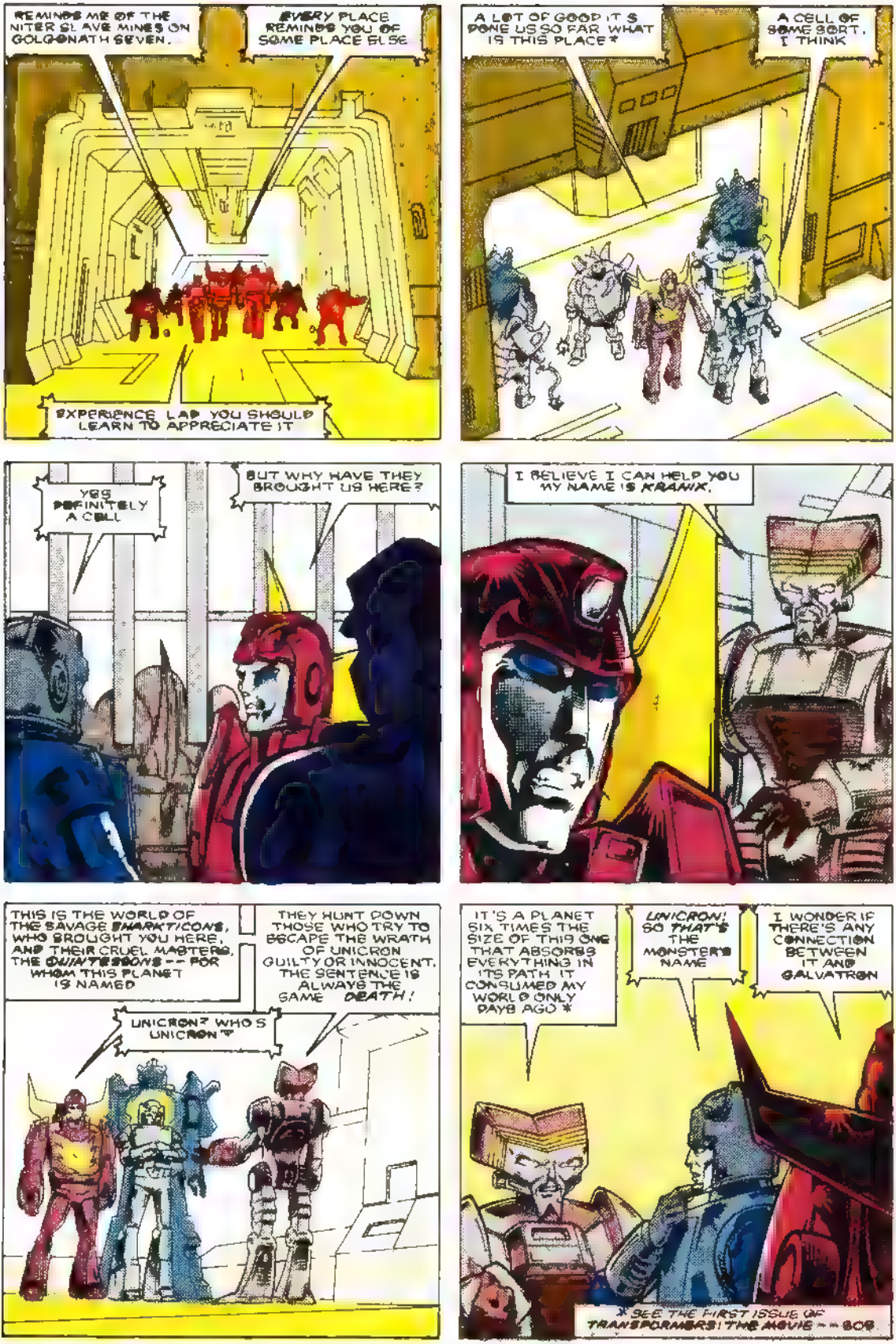

DID ANYBODY SEE WHERE THE DINOBOTS LANDED?
THEY FELL OFF IN ANOTHER DIRECTION, HOT ROD! LET'S JUST HOPE THEY FELL INTO THE SAME GOOEY LIQUID WE DID


OOPS I DON'T KNOW WHAT THESE GUYS WANT BUT THEY SURE DON'T SEEM TOO NEIGHBORLY KUP
I SUGGEST WE DON'T MAKE A FIGHT OF IT WE'RE HARDLY IN ANY CONDITION TO MAKE MUCH OF A STRUGGLE
ME WANT TO FIGHT ME NOT HURT ME WANT--
GRIMLOCK-- SILENCE YOURSELF

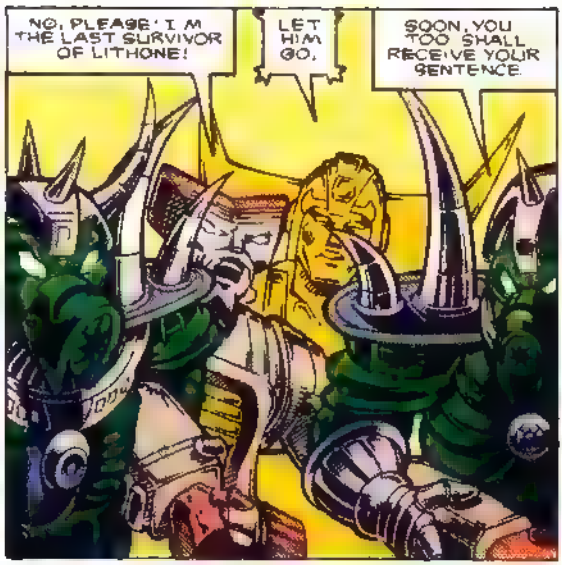
THE STRANGE CREATURES HUSTLE THE EXHAUSTED AUTOBOTS AWAY ATTEMPTING TO CONSERVE STRENGTH, THEIR CAPTIVES OFFER NO RESISTANCE
LET'S JUST PLAY SAFE AND SEE WHERE THEY TAKE US

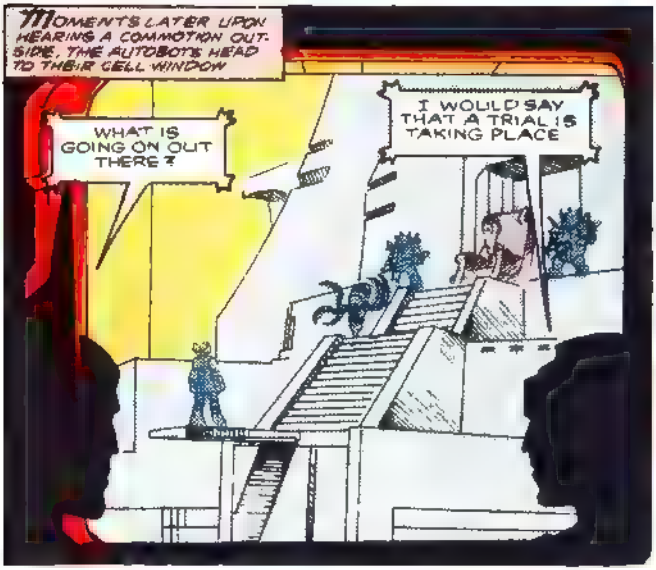

SOME TIME LATER, THE CAPTORS AND THEIR CAPTIVES REACH A STRANGE CITY.

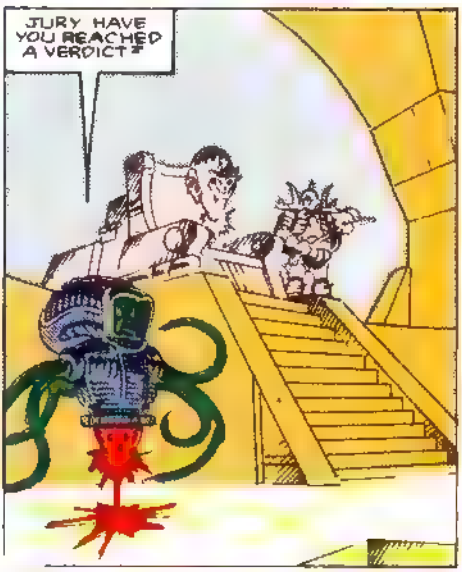

THEIR PROGRESS IS WATCHED BY MANY EYES, NONE OF THEM FRIENDLY.


REMINDS ME OF THE NITER SLAVE MINES ON GOLGONATH SEVEN.
EVERY PLACE REMINDS YOU OF SOME PLACE ELSE
EXPERIENCE LAD YOU SHOULD LEARN TO APPRECIATE IT
A LOT OF GOOD IT'S DONE US SO FAR. WHAT IS THIS PLACE?
A CELL OF SOME SORT, I THINK.
YES DEFINITELY A CELL
BUT WHY HAVE THEY BROUGHT US HERE?
I BELIEVE I CAN HELP YOU MY NAME IS KRANIX.
THIS IS THE WORLD OF THE SAVAGE DWARKTICONS, WHO BROUGHT YOU HERE, AND THEIR CRUEL MASTERS, THE QUINTESSONS -- FOR WHOM THIS PLANET IS NAMED
THEY HUNT DOWN THOSE WHO TRY TO ESCAPE THE WRATH OF UNICRON GUILTY OR INNOCENT, THE SENTENCE IS ALWAYS THE SAME DEATH!
UNICRON? WHO'S UNICRON?
IT'S A PLANET SIX TIMES THE SIZE OF THIS ONE THAT ABSORBS EVERYTHING IN ITS PATH. IT CONSUMED MY WORLD ONLY DAYS AGO *
UNICRON! SO THAT'S THE MONSTER'S NAME
I WONDER IF THERE'S ANY CONNECTION BETWEEN IT AND GALVATRON
* SEE THE FIRST ISSUE OF TRANSFORMERS! THE MOVIE — — BOB.

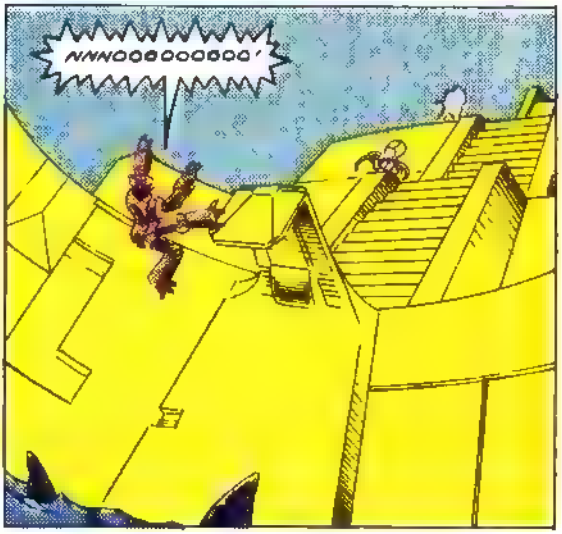
THAT'S HIM! HE'S THE ONE WE WANT


NO, PLEASE! I AM THE LAST SURVIVOR OF LITHONE!
LET HIM GO.
SOON, YOU TOO SHALL RECEIVE YOUR SENTENCE.


MOMENTS LATER UPON HEARING A COMMOTION OUTSIDE, THE AUTOBOTS HEAD TO THEIR CELL WINDOW
WHAT IS GOING ON OUT THERE?
I WOULD SAY THAT A TRIAL IS TAKING PLACE

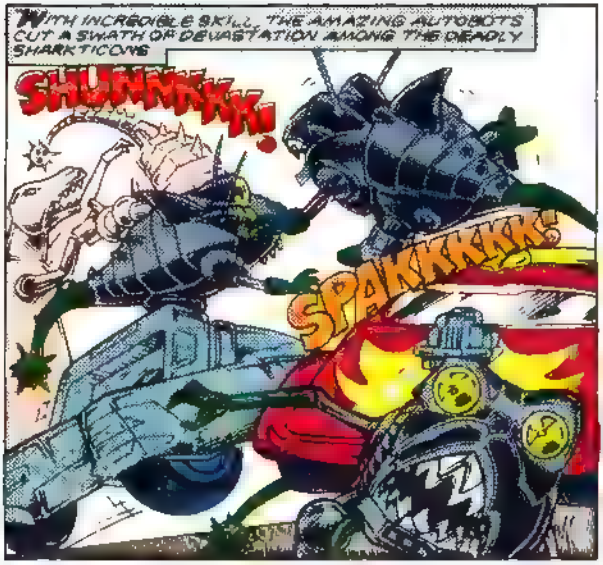

JURY HAVE YOU REACHED A VERDICT?

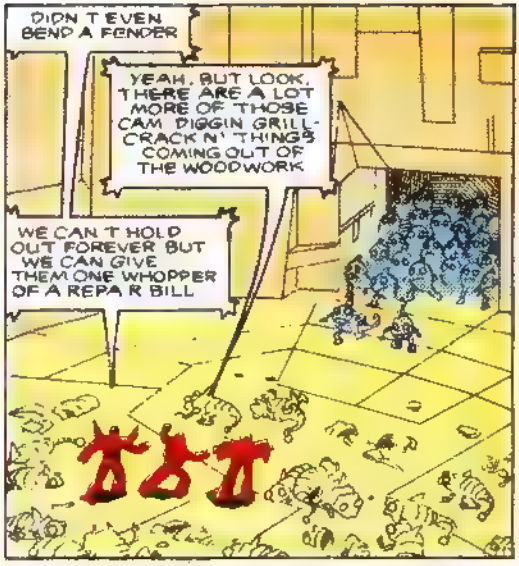
I REPEAT--HAS A VERDICT BEEN REACHED?
WE FIND THE DEFENDANT INNOCENT

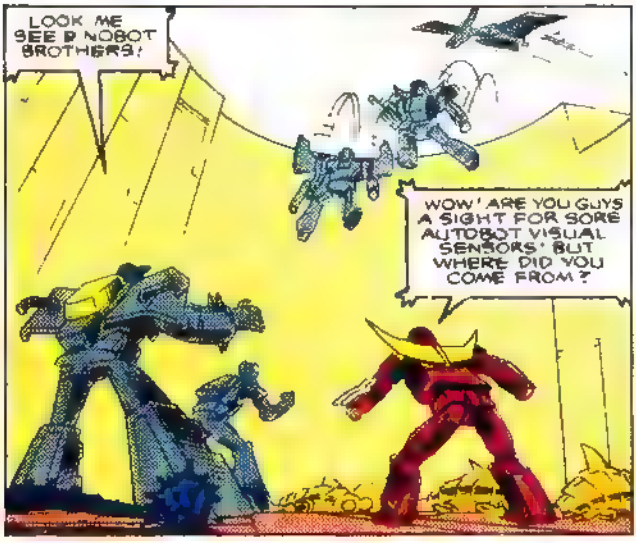

NNNOOOOOOOO!

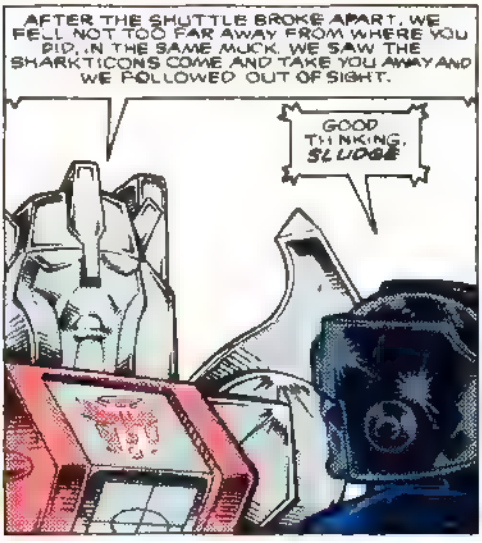
PLEEEEASE! NOOOOOOOO! NNOOOOOOOO!
NOT THE END I'D WISH FOR, LAD
TAKE THEM! THE SHARKTICONS NEED MORE THAN A SINGLE MORSEL TO FILL THEIR BELLIES
NO WAY, YOU MISERABLE--
NO HOT ROD! WE'RE STILL NOT UP TO FULL STRENGTH, AND WE'RE VASTLY OUTNUMBERED. NOT NOW
WITHIN MOMENTS, THE AUTOBOTS HAVE BEEN BOUND AND BROUGHT BEFORE THE GIANT ROBOT JUDGE...
BEFORE WE DELIVER YOUR VERDICT, WOULD YOU LIKE TO BEG FOR YOUR LIVES? IT SOMETIMES HELPS BUT NOT OFTEN
I CAN'T TRANSFORM WITH THESE RESTRAINING BOLTS ON
KEEP TRYING
I HAVE NOTHING BUT CONTEMPT FOR THIS COURT
THEN THE VERDICT IS INNOCENT. DEATH!

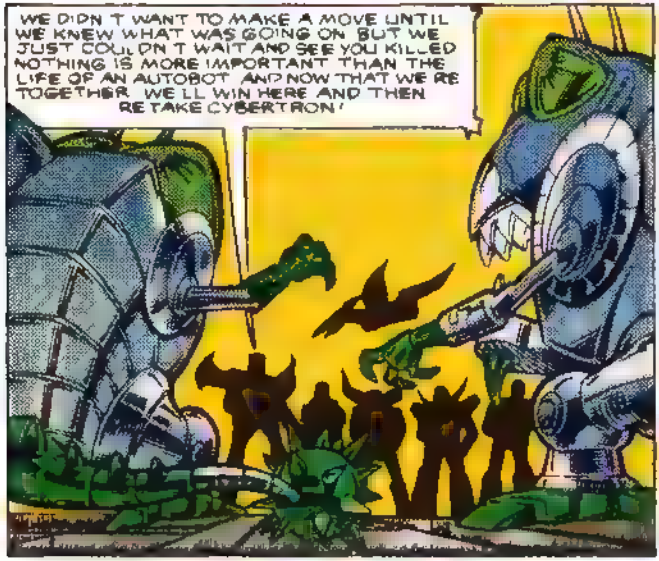
YAAAAAAAAAA!
THE INSTINCTIVE FOOT SOLDIER, OBLIVIOUS TO ALL, WHO SWIFTLY SLIPS FROM HIS BONDS AND...
BLAMM
THERE! NOW AT LEAST WE'LL FALL FREE!
DON'T WORRY, GRIMLOCK--I HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN YOU!
THEY'VE GOT MORE SHARKTICONS THAN WE'VE GOT PHOTON CHARGES!
BUT WE'LL GO DOWN FIGHTING!
MAYBE WE CAN'T WIN A SHOOTOUT--
SPRAM!
BUT HOW ABOUT A DEMOLITION DERBY?
NOT A BAD IDEA I'LL JOIN YOU ON THE RACEWAY
ME WANT TO RACE TOO!

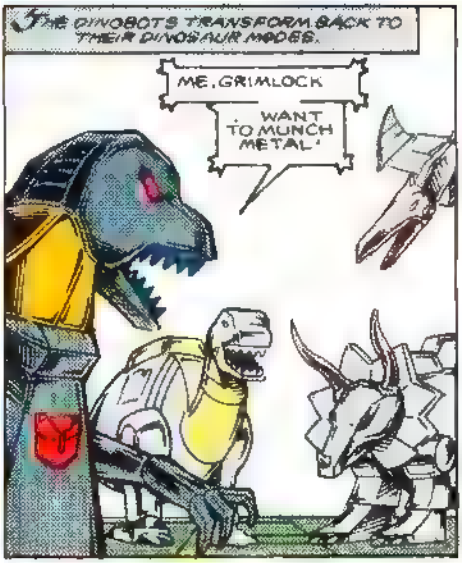

WITH INCREDIBLE SKILL, THE AMAZING AUTOBOTS CUT A SWATH OF DEVASTATION AMONG THE DEADLY SHARKTICONS
SHUNNKKK!
SPAKKKKK!

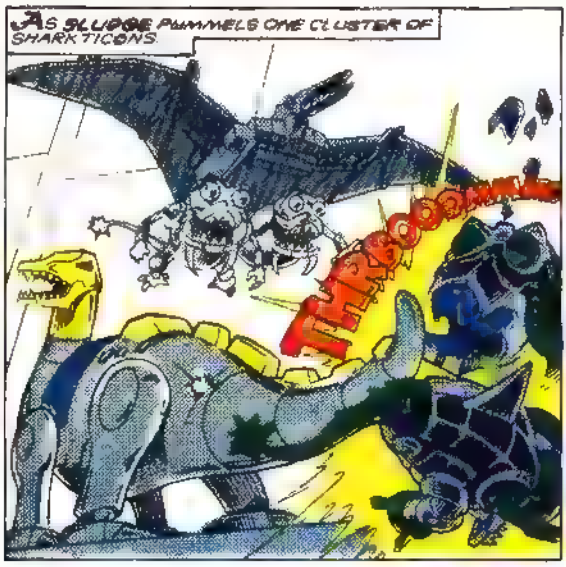

DIDN'T EVEN BEND A FENDER
YEAH, BUT LOOK, THERE ARE A LOT MORE OF THOSE CAM DIGGIN GRILL-CRACK N' THINGS COMING OUT OF THE WOODWORK
WE CAN'T HOLD OUT FOREVER BUT WE CAN GIVE THEM ONE WHOPPER OF A REPAIR BILL

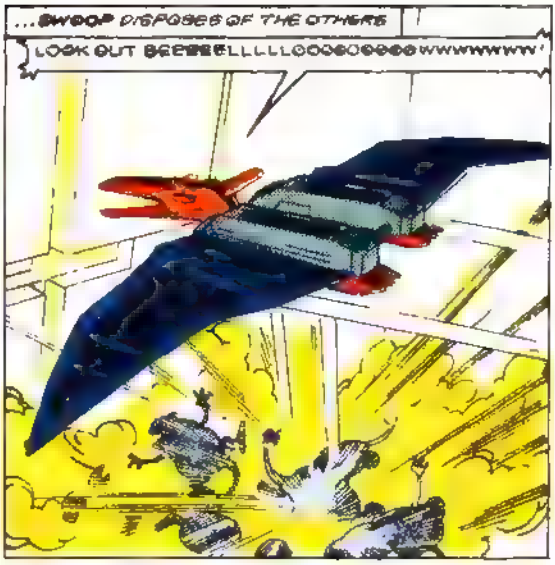

LOOK ME SEE D NOBOT BROTHERS!
WOW! ARE YOU GUYS A SIGHT FOR SORE AUTOBOT VISUAL SENSORS! BUT WHERE DID YOU COME FROM?

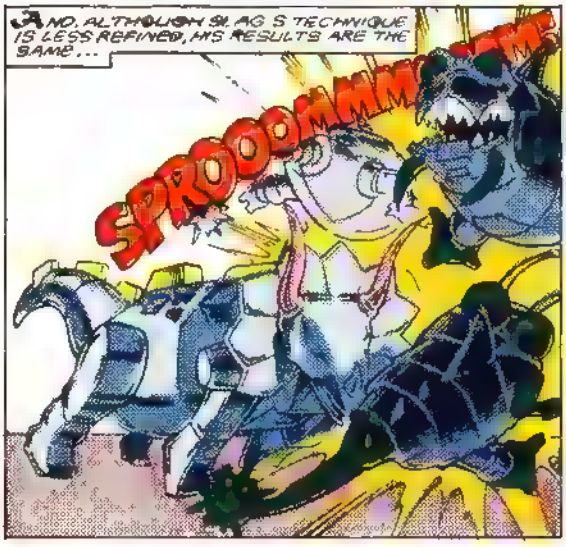

AFTER THE SHUTTLE BROKE APART, WE FELL NOT TOO FAR AWAY FROM WHERE YOU DID, IN THE SAME MUCK. WE SAW THE SHARKTICONS COME AND TAKE YOU AWAY AND WE FOLLOWED OUT OF SIGHT.
GOOD THINKING, SLUDGE

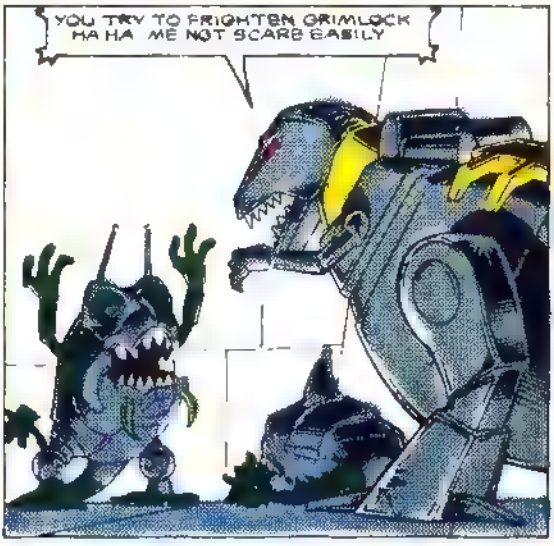

WE DIDN'T WANT TO MAKE A MOVE UNTIL WE KNEW WHAT WAS GOING ON BUT WE JUST COULDN'T WAIT AND SEE YOU KILLED NOTHING IS MORE IMPORTANT THAN THE LIFE OF AN AUTOBOT AND NOW THAT WE'RE TOGETHER WE'LL WIN HERE AND THEN RETAKE CYBERTRON!

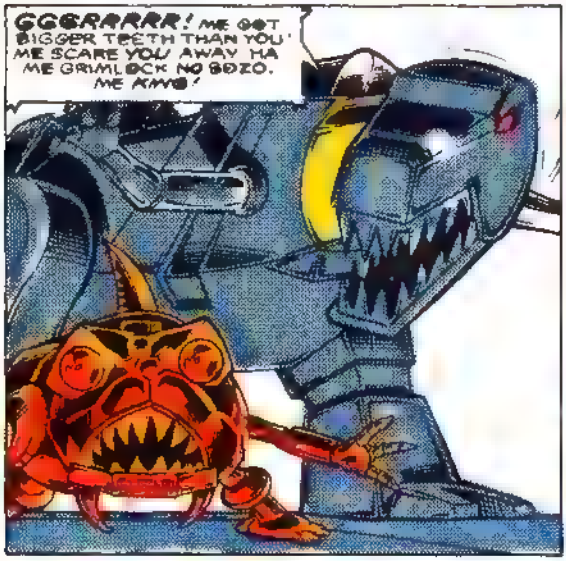

THE DINOBOTS TRANSFORM BACK TO THEIR DINOSAUR MODES.
ME, GRIMLOCK WANT TO MUNCH METAL!


AS SLUDGE PUMMELS ONE CLUSTER OF SHARKTICONS
THROOOM!!!

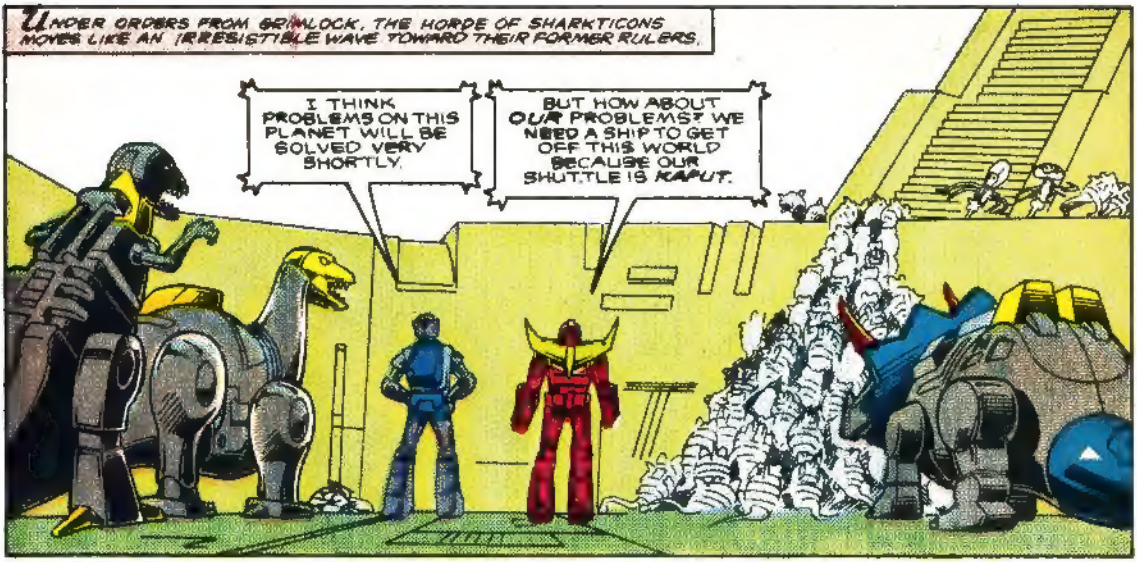

...SWOOP DISPOSES OF THE OTHERS
LOOK OUT SCREEEELLLLLOOOSCOOOOWWWWWW!

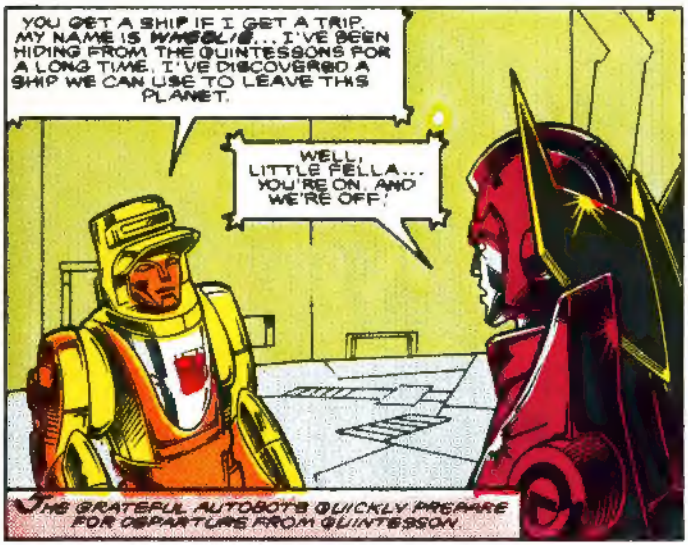

AND, ALTHOUGH SLAG'S TECHNIQUE IS LESS REFINED, HIS RESULTS ARE THE SAME...
SPROOOMMM!!!


YOU TRY TO FRIGHTEN GRIMLOCK HA HA ME NOT SCARD EASILY


GGGRRRRR! ME GOT BIGGER TEETH THAN YOU! ME SCARE YOU AWAY HA ME GRIMLOCK NO SOZO. ME KING!

THE VICIOUS SHARKTICONS ARE DEFEATED. THEY BOW TO THEIR CONQUERORS, THE DINOBOTS... THEIR NEW MASTERS
ME GRIMLOCK SAY EXECUTE THEM QUINTESSONS NOW!

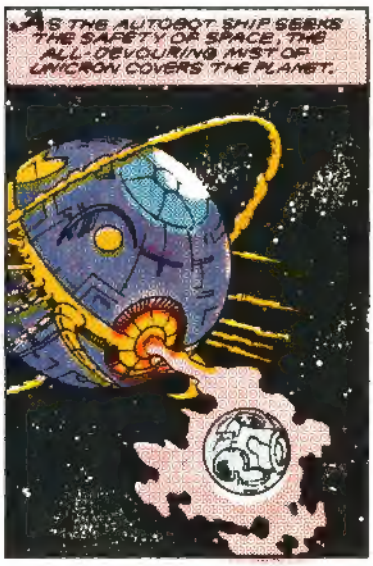

UNDER ORDERS FROM GRIMLOCK, THE HORDE OF SHARKTICONS MOVES LIKE AN IRRESISTIBLE WAVE TOWARD THEIR FORMER RULERS.
I THINK PROBLEMS ON THIS PLANET WILL BE SOLVED VERY SHORTLY.
BUT HOW ABOUT OUR PROBLEMS? WE NEED A SHIP TO GET OFF THIS WORLD BECAUSE OUR SHUTTLE IS KAPUT.

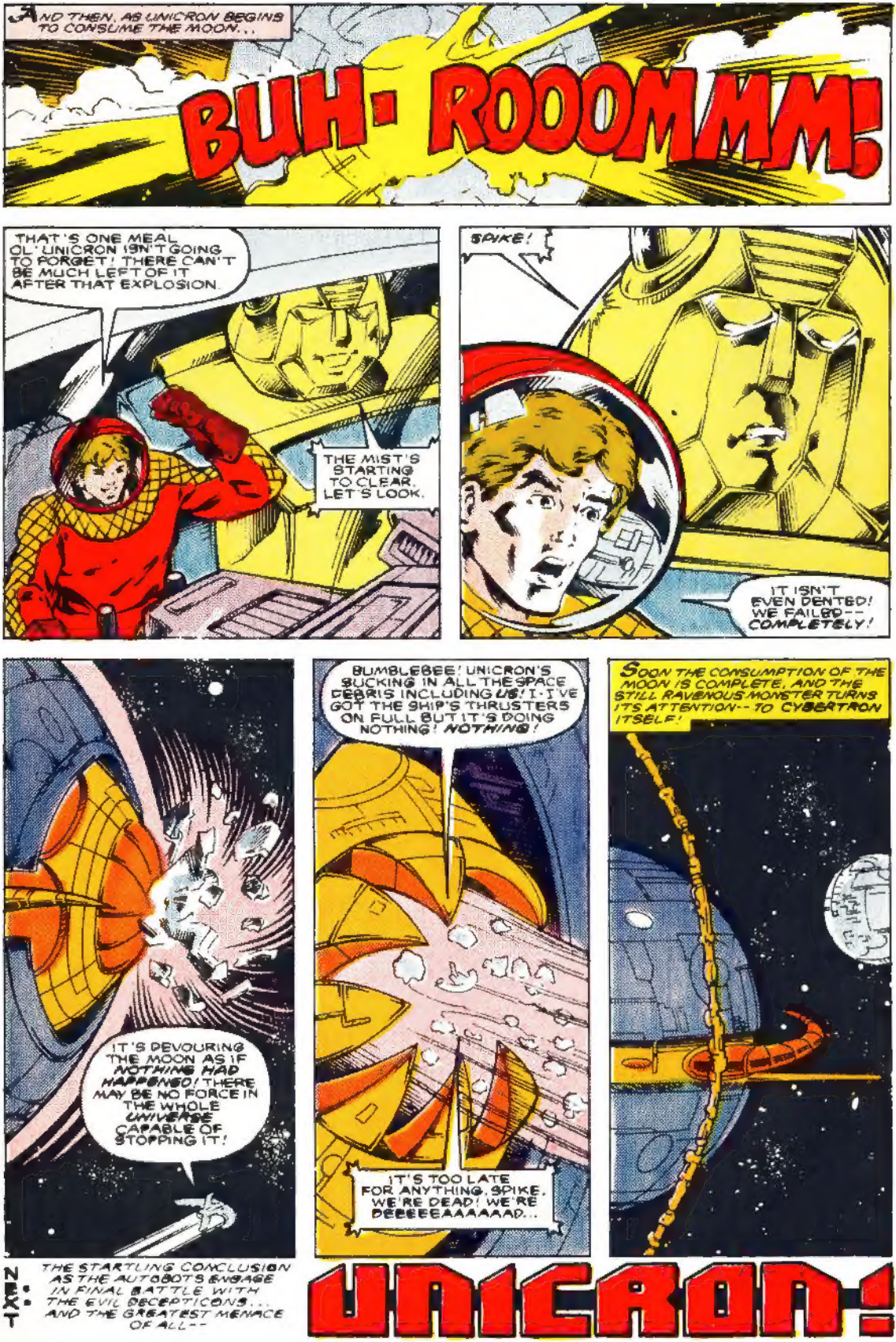

YOU GET A SHIP IF I GET A TRIP. MY NAME IS WHEELIE... I'VE BEEN HIDING FROM THE QUINTESSONS FOR A LONG TIME. I'VE DISCOVERED A SHIP WE CAN USE TO LEAVE THIS PLANET.
WELL, LITTLE FELLA... YOU'RE ON. AND WE'RE OFF!
THE GRATEFUL AUTOBOTS QUICKLY PREPARE FOR DEPARTURE FROM QUINTESSON.

ELSEWHERE, ON THE SECOND MOON OF CYBERTRON, A DESPERATE GAMBLE IS UNDERTAKEN BY THE AUTOBOT, BUMBLEBEE, AND HIS HUMAN ALLY, SPIKE, AS THE AWESOME UNICRON APPROACHES.

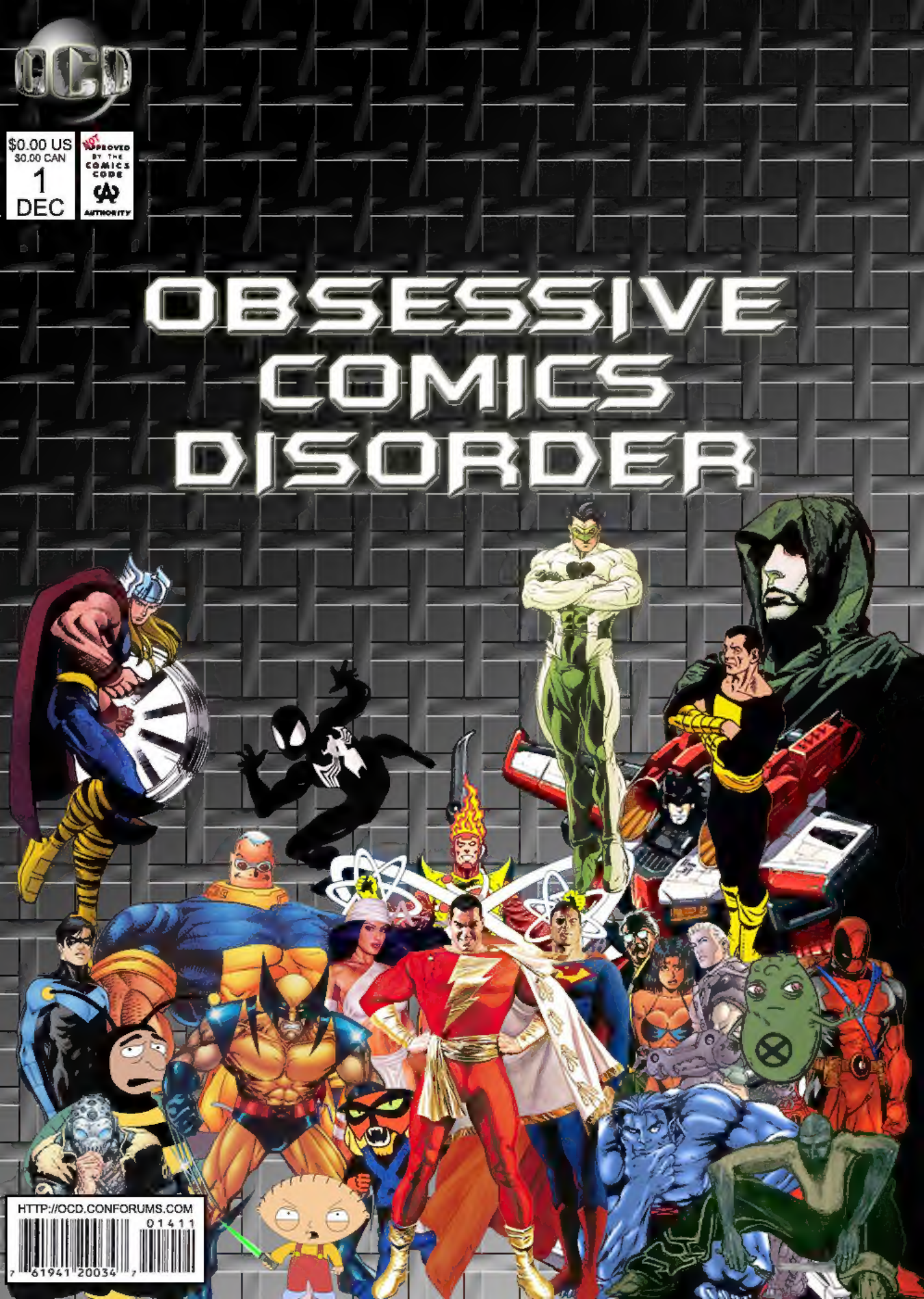
IF THIS DOESN'T DO IT, NOTHING WILL. THIS WHOLE STOCKPILE OF WEAPONRY IS RIGGED TO EXPLODE RIGHT IN UNICRON'S UGLY FACE. I'VE SET THE TIMER FOR TWENTY SECONDS.
LET'S GET TO THE SHIP AND GET OUT OF HERE!

WITH SECONDS TO SPARE, THE COURAGEOUS AUTOBOTS REACH THEIR SMALL CRAFT.


AS THE AUTOBOT SHIP SEEKS THE SAFETY OF SPACE, THE ALL-DEVOURING MIST OF UNICRON COVERS THE PLANET.


AND THEN, AS UNICRON BEGINS TO CONSUME THE MOON...
BUH-ROOOMMM!
THAT'S ONE MEAL OL' UNICRON ISN'T GOING TO FORGET! THERE CAN'T BE MUCH LEFT OF IT AFTER THAT EXPLOSION.
THE MIST'S STARTING TO CLEAR. LET'S LOOK.
SPIKE!
IT ISN'T EVEN DENTED! WE FAILED--COMPLETELY!
IT'S DEVOURING THE MOON AS IF NOTHING HAD HAPPENED! THERE MAY BE NO FORCE IN THE WHOLE UNIVERSE CAPABLE OF STOPPING IT!
BUMBLEBEE! UNICRON'S SUCKING IN ALL THE SPACE DEBRIS INCLUDING US! I'VE GOT THE SHIP'S THRUSTERS ON FULL BUT IT'S DOING NOTHING! NOTHING!
IT'S TOO LATE FOR ANYTHING, SPIKE. WE'RE DEAD! WE'RE DEEEEEAAAAAAD...
SOON THE CONSUMPTION OF THE MOON IS COMPLETE, AND THE STILL RAVENOUS MONSTER TURNS ITS ATTENTION--TO CYBERTRON ITSELF!
NEXT
THE STARTLING CONCLUSION AS THE AUTOBOTS ENGAGE IN FINAL BATTLE WITH THE EVIL DECEPTICONS... AND THE GREATEST MENACE OF ALL--
UNICRON!

Abraxsis Scanz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